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A Dialogue betweene the Biſhop of CANTERBURY, and his phiſitian, wherein He deſireth the Doctor to have a care of his Bodie, and to preſerve him from being let blood in the neck, when the ſigne is in *Taurus*.

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CANTERBURIES POTION.

WElcome good M. Doctor.

Doct. I understand by one of your Gentlemen, your Grace was pleased to send for me.

Can. Not without cause, good M. *Doctor*, for I find my selfe diseased in all parts, insomuch that without some speedy remedy, I cannot long continue, I have a great desire to take Physick, in case the time of the yeare be seasonable.

Doct. Yes, the time of the yeare may be seasonable, but we must have a care of the constitution of your Lordships body, the nature of the disease, and the quality of the medicine. our Cordials, Potions, Electuaries, Syrrops, Plaisters, Unguents; Glysters, Vomits, Bathes, Suppositories, and the like, must bee duly regarded, with a due care what Planet is predominant.

Can. I approve your learned skill good M. Doctor, in having respect to the Constellations, for I am of opinion (which the Brethren forsooth call superstition) if I be let blood in the necke, when the signe is in *Taurus*, I shall certainely bleed to death.

Doct. That may very well be, unleſſe your Chirurgion have a more ſaving skill then my Lord Deputies had, but I pray my Lord, let me ſee your Graces water, for by it I ſhall eaſily perceive the ſtate of your Body.

Cant. Reach th t Vrinall there, looke you Maſter Doctor, this water I made laſt night, after my firſt ſleepe, what doe you thinke by it?

Doct. My Lord, your water is a moſt thick, denſe, ſolid heavy, almoſt ragged, putrid, ſtinking, and rotten Vrine, your grace hath kept a very bad dyet, there are certaine raw crudities, that lye heavy and indigeſted upon your ſtomack, which will without remedy, and that ſpeedily, aſcend ſo high, untill it ſtifle, and ſuffocate your Grace.

Cant. I pray good M. Doctor uſe your learned skil, in removing them, I muſt confeſſe I owe a Death, which I would be loath to pay, before it be due, wherfore if it be within your power to prolong my life, ſpare no coſt for the effecting it.

Doct. My Lord, it is within the power of my art, to prolong your life, in caſe it be not cut off untimely, I have here prepared a Vomit for your Grace, which *I* doubt not, but will have a ſpeedy operation, downe with it my Lord, feare not, twill bring ſomething up by and by, and ſee, it begins to worke already.

Cant. Hold my head good M. Doctor, Ough, Ough.

Doct. Well done, up with it my Lord, what's here a great piece of Parchment, with a yellow ſeale to it, the writing is obſcure, I cannot read it, but what's this that comes next, a rout of Tobacco, I proteſt

tis pure Spaniſh, how comes this to paſſe, had your Grace any hand in the Tobacco Patent?

Cant. Yes, it hath ſtickt on my ſtomack theſe four yeares at leaſt, and I could never digeſt it before, hold the Baſon.

Doct. Whats this, a Booke, *Whoſoever hath bin at Church may exerciſe lawful recreations on the Sunday*, whats the meaning of this?

Cant. Tis the Booke for Paſtimes on the Sunday, which I cauſed to be made, but hold, here comes ſomething, what is it?

Doct. Tis another booke, the Title it, *Sonday no Sabbath*, did you cauſe this to be made alſo.

Cant. No, Doctor *Pocklington* made it, but I licenced it.

Doct. What, he that lookes ſo like a Nicromancer, he that was for his paines preferred beſides his benefices? But whats this, a Paper. tis if I bee not miſtaken, a Star-Chamber order made againſt Mr. *Prinne*, Mr. *Burton*, and Dr. *Baſtwicke*, had you any hand in that?

Cant. I had, I had, all England knoweth it: but oh here comes ſomething that makes my very back ake; oh that it were up once, now it is up I thank Heaven, What is it?

Doct. Tis a great Bundle of papers, of preſentations, and ſuſpenſions, theſe were the inſtruments my Lord, wherwith you created the tongue tied Doctors and gave them great Benefices in the Countrey, to preach ſome twice a yeare at the leaſt, and in their place to hire ſome journey-man Curate, who will onely read a Sermon in the forenoone, and in the afternoone be drunke with his pariſhionera for compa-

ny; and with orhers you silenced the long winded Ministers.

Cant. I must confesse it is true, but here is something that paines me extreamely, oh that it were up, his troubles me more then all the rest, see what it is good Doctor, for it is up.

Doct. Why my Lord, the booke of Canons, charged with the horrible Monster.

Cant. Now I am pretty well at ease, but I pray Master Doctor what was this made of:

Doct. Why my Lord, 3 ounces of Tobacco, 3 scruples of pillory powder, 1 scruple of his braines that looked over London-Bridge, and three handfuls of the hearbs gathered by the Apprentices, wrapt up in a high Commission Roll, and boyled in a pottle of Holy-water, to the third part, and strained through a paire of Lawne sleeves.

Cant. Nay if this bee your phificke, Ile take no more of it: oh, there comes something else, I protest the Miter, alas I had almost broke my Longs.

Doct. Nay if the Miter be come, the Divell is not far off, farewell good my Lord.

FINIS.